

Sir John Franklin.

Sir John Franklin was born at Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, England, in 1786. At an early age of fourteen he entered the royal navy as midshipman. We next hear of him embarking on a voyage of discovery to New Holland, on board the Investigator, commanded by Captain Flinders. During this voyage he was wrecked on the east coast of that island, where he remained with the crew for eight weeks, when they were relieved by a vessel from Port Jackson.

Mr. Franklin next proceeded to Canton, and on returning from thence to England, he was assigned the station of flag-midshipman on board the Bellerophon. He was on this vessel during Nelson's victory of Trafalgar, and distinguished himself for skill and bravery. In October, 1807, he was placed on board the Bedford, in which ship he remained nearly eight years, employed on the Brazil, North Sea, and West Indian stations.

In 1818, Lieutenant Franklin was given the command of the Trent, on a voyage of discovery to the Polar Sea, north of Spitzbergen, under the orders of Captain Buchan. Another expedition was sent out at the same time under Captain John Ross, to explore the coast east of North America, within the Arctic Circle.

Early in 1819, John Franklin was appointed by Earl Bathurst to the command of an overland expedition from the shores of Hudson's Bay to the Arctic Ocean. The principal object of this expedition was to learn more about the geography of the northern portion of North America, which at that time was little known. He arrived in England on his return from this expedition in October, 1822. In 1823, he was married to Eleanor Ann, daughter of Mr. Porden, an eminent artist. This lady early manifested talent as a poetess; and her poem entitled the "Arctic Expedition," led to her marriage with Captain Franklin.

In 1825, he again set out in command of an overland expedition through North America. His departure from England was under circumstances severely trying. His wife was lying at the point of death, yet, with heroic fortitude, she urged him to leave on the very day appointed; entreating him, as he valued her peace and his own glory, not to delay a moment on her account. This was, indeed, a severe struggle between the affections and a sense of duty; but he started at the appointed time, and his wife died a day or two after his departure.

Captain Franklin returned from this expedition in 1827, passing through the city of New York, on his way to England. During his journey to the Polar Sea, he obtained the name of *Great Chief*, among the Indians, who became very much attached to him. Though a bold and daring adventurer, and nobly brave when bravery was needed, he was noted among them for his kindness and gentleness.

On the 5th of November, 1828, Captain Franklin was married to his second wife, Lady Jane Franklin. She was the second daughter of John Griffin, Esq., of Bedford Place, London. In April 1829, Mr. Franklin received the honors of knighthood, in consequence of which he was called *Sir John Franklin*. In August, 1830, he was appointed to the command of the Rainbow, destined for the Mediterranean station.

He afterwards became governor of Van Diemen's Land. On returning to England, in 1845, from his arduous services on that island, he received the command of another exploring expedition, to attempt once more a solution of the existence of a Northwest Passage. This expedition was to proceed by water in the ships Erebus and Terror, which had returned but a short time previous from an Antarctic expedition, under the command of Sir James C. Ross.

These vessels were refitted and supplied with every convenience which the repeated Arctic expeditions could suggest, together with provisions sufficient to last the crew, consisting of about 138 persons, for three years. On the 19th of May, 1845, they departed from England.

MAN'S CHARACTER.—We may judge of a man's character by what he loves—what pleases him. If a person manifests delight in low and sordid objects—the vulgar song and debasing language; in the misfortunes of his fellows, or cruelty to animals, we may at once determine the complexion of his character. On the contrary, if he loves purity, modesty, truth—if virtuous pursuits engage his heart, and draw out his affections—we are satisfied that he is an upright man. A mind debased shrinks from association with the good and wise.

THE LOOKING GLASS.—Clement of Alexandria thought that a Christian woman should not look into a mirror, "because by making an image of herself she violates the commandment, which prohibits the making of the likeness of anything in heaven above, or on the earth beneath." You smile; but might you not well sigh over the probability that many Christian women in their eagerness for "outward adornings," look oftener and longer into the mirror than into the Bible?

FRIENDSHIP.—Humility and charity are the two greatest graces in the world; and these are the greatest ingredients which constitute friendship and express it.—*Bishop Taylor.*

Discoveries of the Last Half Century.

There has been no period since the commencement of the world in which so many important discoveries, tending to the benefit of mankind were made, as in the last half century. Some of the most wonderful results of human intellect have been witnessed in the last fifty years. Some of the grandest conceptions of genius have been perfected. It is remarkable how the mind of the world has run into scientific investigation, and what achievements it has effected in that short period. Before the year 1800, there was not a single steamboat in existence, and the application of steam to machinery was unknown. Fulton launched the first steamboat in 1807. Now there are three thousand steamboats traversing the waters of America, and the time saved in travel is equal to seventy per cent. The rivers of every country in the world, are traversed by steamboats.

In 1800, there was not a single railroad in the world. In the United States alone there are now 8,797 miles of railroad, costing \$236,000,000 to build, and about 22,000 in England and America. The locomotive will travel, in as many hours a distance which in 1800 required as many weeks to accomplish. In 1800, it took three weeks to convey intelligence between Philadelphia and New Orleans; now it can be accomplished in minutes, through the electric telegraph, which only had its beginning in 1843. Voltaism was discovered in 1800, the electro-magnet in 1821. Electrotyping was discovered only a few years ago.

Hoe's printing press, capable of printing ten thousand copies an hour, is a very recent discovery. Gas-light was unknown in 1800; now, nearly every city and town of any pretense is lighted with it, and we have the announcement of a still greater discovery, by which light, heat and motive power may be produced from water, with scarcely any cost. Daguerrre communicated to the world his beautiful invention in 1839. Gun-cotton and chloroform are discoveries of but a few years old. Astronomy has added a number of new planets to the solar system.

Agricultural chemistry has enlarged the domain of knowledge in that important branch of scientific research, and mechanics have increased the facilities for production, and the means of accomplishing an amount of labor which far transcends the ability of united effort to accomplish. What will the next half century accomplish? We may look for still greater discoveries; for the intellect of man is awake, exploring every mine of knowledge, and searching for useful information in every department of art and industry.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

CLIMBING UP.—It is a very common thing to hear people excuse their want of cultivation, of education, of respectability, of refinement—in fact, of all the qualities that give one social value and position—by referring to the many great men who have arisen from the lowest round of the human ladder. They point to Shakespeare, Claude Lorraine, Columbus, Napoleon, and other historically-famous individuals—including Horace Greely—and trace them back to their early poverty and ignorance, as an excuse. They say: "If these men came from my class, it must be the best one." The matter lies in a nutshell. The lowest circle is an excellent one—to get away from. The difference between William Shakespeare and John Smith is, that William could not remain in an ignoble position—that circumstances could not keep him there—while John cannot elevate himself above the surroundings in which he was originally placed.

It is no disgrace to a man to have ascended from the lowest and most degraded condition: but it is an overwhelming shame if he remains in it when he has such brilliant examples before him. To say that a man "has no advantages," is merely to say he has not taken advantage of circumstances. None of the great men in history—those whose names and memories are like shining lamps, illuminating the present through all the mists of the past—had "advantages." They seized their circumstances with an iron grasp, and made them into advantages by their own strong wills and superior talent. The same path lies open to all. The ladder is hard to climb—wearing to the feet and blistering to the hands—but it has been climbed; and there are many now in the mire and misery of the bottom round, who, unmindful of blisters or weariness, will attain the highest before they die.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Bad company is like a nail driven into a post which, after the first or second blow, may be drawn with little difficulty; but being driven up to the head, the pinners cannot take hold to draw it out, it can only be done by the destruction of the wood.

ADVICE AND EXAMPLE.—He that gives good advice, builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example, builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example, builds with one hand and pulls down with the other. *Bacon.*

Bats in India are called flying foxes, and measure six feet from tip to tip.

Truths for Wives.

In domestic happiness the wife's influence is much greater than her husband's; for the one, the first cause—mutual love and confidence—being granted, the whole comfort of the household depends upon trifles immediately under her jurisdiction. By her management of small sums, her husband's respectability and credit are created or destroyed. No fortune can stand the constant leakages of extravagance and mismanagement; and more is spent in trifles than women would easily believe. The one great expense, whatever it may be, is turned over and carefully reflected on ere occurred; the income is prepared to meet it; but it is pennies imperceptibly sliding away which most surely do the mischief; and this the wife alone can stop, for it does not come within a man's province. There is often an unsuspected trifle to be saved in every household. It is not in economy alone that the wife's attention is so necessary, but in those niceties which make a well-regulated house. An unfurnished cruet-stand, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a soiled table-cloth, a mustard-pot with its old contents sticking hard and brown about it, are severally nothings; but each can raise an angry word or cause discomfort. Depend on it, there's a great deal of domestic happiness in a well-dressed nut-tou-chop or a tidy breakfast-table. Men grow sated of beauty, tired of music, are often too wearied for conversation—(however intellectual;) but they can always appreciate a well-swept hearth and smiling comfort. A woman may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the enchanted beauties of an Armida; but—melancholy fact,—if with these she fail to make his home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her. And women live so entirely in the affections, that without love their existence is a void. Better submit, then, to household tasks, however repugnant they may be to your tastes, than doom yourself to a loveless home. Women of a higher order of mind will not run this risk; they know that their feminine, their domestic, are their first duties.—*Examiner.*

SILKS.—In the time of the Roman Emperor Justinian, the idea of making a lucrative commerce in silk struck the enterprising sagacity of two Christian monks, who, in the quality of missionaries, had long resided in China. Amidst their religious occupations, they had viewed with an investigating eye the manufactures of silks in that country, the myriads of silk-worms, and the mode of their treatment. They discovered that the importation of so delicate and short-lived an insect, from so great a distance, was impracticable; but they imagined that in the eggs a numerous progeny might be preserved and propagated. Knowing how agreeable the undertaking would be to the imperial court of Constantinople, they arrived, after a long journey, at that metropolis of the Roman empire; and, having imparted their project to the emperor, were, by the liberality of his gifts and the splendor of his promises, encouraged to carry it into execution. The two monks having traveled back to China, and, by concealing the eggs of the silk-worm in a hollow cane, deceived a people ever jealous of its commerce, returned in triumph to Constantinople, with the spoils of the East, having made a greater conquest than either Justinian or his celebrated general, Belisarius, had ever achieved. Under their direction the eggs were hatched by artificial heat; the worms were fed with the leaves of the mulberry tree; they lived and labored, and, by the use of proper means, the race was propagated and multiplied. Experience and reflection soon corrected the errors incidental to a novel attempt; and in a short time the subjects of Justinian equalled the Chinese in the management of the insects and the manufacture of silk. From Constantinople this valuable insect has been gradually introduced into all the southern parts of Europe; and the material produced by it is now manufactured in almost every country in this quarter of the globe. Thus, in consequence of a singular circumstance in the history of commerce, of which the epoch is assigned to A. D. 552, modern Europe enjoys, at an easy expense, one of the most costly luxuries of the ancients, which was formerly peculiar to China, and once sold at Rome "for its weight in gold."

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.—A substance, like the soul, can have no parts; and what has no parts, must ever be impervious, in its own nature, to all violence, and invulnerable against all assaults. Whatever has no parts, can never lose them; and what has nothing which it can possibly lose, must remain unchangeably the same; and what remains the same must necessarily be immortal.—*Samuel Drexel.*

HOLY FEAR.—I have known a good old man, who, when he heard of any one that had committed some notorious offence, was wont to say within himself, "He fell to-day, so may I to-morrow."—*Bernard.*

In order to deserve a true friend, we must learn first to be one.

A man in earnest finds means; or, if he cannot find them, creates them.

Selected Poetry.

No Rest.
Oh, no! I cannot rest to-day—
There's work, hard work to do!
Work for the willing heart and hand,
Life's whole brief period through!
I must not loiter, must not sleep,
Save in the friendly night,
Which hides beneath her grateful shades,
The labors of the light!

Oh, no! I cannot rest to-day!
The human heart and mind,
In thousand dark and sterile spots,
Is groping halt and blind!
And are there burdens to be borne,
And fetters to be broke,
And tares of evil to mow down
With many a toilsome stroke.

Oh, no! I cannot rest to-day!
The world is full of sin,
Up springing, like the noxious weed,
A noble field within,
And though they be but tiny blades,
Of shower and sunshine born,
The laborer needs but rest, and straight
They overtop his corn.

Oh, no! I cannot rest to-day!
The foes are all around.
And some concealed in ambush lay,
And some dispute the ground.
Then let me gird the harness on,
To wrestle or to toil:
The earnest worker yet shall reap
A sure and generous spoil.

Yes, Labor, Labor—every day—
Forgetting pain and sorrow;
The passing hour alone is ours,
We know not of to-morrow,
But let us rest upon a day
There's nothing to be done!
If e'er such unexampled time,
Should dawn beneath the sun.

Freedom of the Mind.
Free is the eagle's wing,
Cleaving the sun's warm ray—
Free is the mountain spring,
As it rushes forth to-day;
But freer far the mind—
Pricelier its liberty;
No hand must dare to bind—
God made it to be free!

You may chain the eagle's wing,
No more on the clouds to soar—
You may seal the mountain spring,
That it leap to light no more;
But the mind let none dare chain—
Better it cease to be!
Born not to serve, but reign—
God made it to be free!

Free is the mountain breeze,
Floating from airy height—
Free are the rushing seas,
And free heaven's golden light;
But freer than light or air,
O'er the ever rolling sea,
Is the mind beyond compare—
God made it to be free!

THE ART OF THINKING.—One of the best modes of improving in the art of thinking is to think over some subject before you read upon it; you will then observe after what manner it has occurred to the mind of some great master; you will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid; what you have omitted, and in what you have exceeded; and by this process you will insensibly catch a great manner of viewing a question. It is right in study, not only to think when any extraordinary incident provokes you to think, but from time to time review what has passed; to dwell upon it, and to see what trains of thought voluntarily present themselves to the mind. It is a most superior habit of some minds, to refer all the particular truths which strike them, to other truths more general: so that their knowledge is beautifully methodised; and the general truth at any time suggests all the particular exemplifications, or any particular exemplification at once leads to the general truth. This kind of understanding has an immense and decided superiority over those confused heads in which one fact is piled upon another, without the least attempt at classification and arrangement. Some men always read with a pen in their hand, and commit to paper any new thought which strikes them; others trust to chance for its reappearance. Which of these is the best method in the conduct of the understanding, must, I suppose, depend a great deal upon the particular understanding in question. Some men can do nothing without preparation; others tittle with it; some are fountains, some reservoirs.—*Rev. Sidney Smith.*

CHRISTIANITY.—The defensive of a shrinking or timid policy does not suit her. Here is the naked majesty of truth; and with all the grandeur of age, but with none of its infirmities, has she come down to us, and gathered strength from the many battles she has won in the many controversies of many generations. With such a religion as this there is nothing to hide. All should be above board; and the broadcast light of day should be made fully and freely to circulate throughout all her secretaries. But secrets she has none. To her belong the frankness and simplicity of conscious greatness; and whether she grapple with pride of philosophy, or stand in front opposition to the prejudices of the multitude, she does it upon her own strength, and spurns all the props and all the auxiliaries of superstition away from her.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

The discontented man finds no easy chair.

A man behind the times must feed on catch-up.

Said a conceited young lady—"You men are a covet-us set."

He is a good collector who can, upon all occasions collect his wits.

How Jed Missed It.

Some folks are in the habit of talking in their sleep, and Miss Betsy Wilson was of the number. This peculiarity she accidentally revealed to Jediah Jenkins, in a careless conversational way. Jediah had just finished the recital of a matrimonial dream in which the young lady and himself figured as hero and heroine, he having invented the same, for the sake of saying, at the conclusion it was "too good to be true," and by thus speaking parables, assuring the damsel of what he dared not speak plainly.

"I never dream," said Betsy, "but I sometimes talk half the night, and tell everything I know in my sleep."

"You don't say so?"
"Yes, I can never have a secret from mother; if she wants to know anything she pumps me after I've gone to bed, and I answer her questions as honestly as if my life depended on it. That's the reason I wouldn't go to ride the other night. I knew she would find it out—it is awfully provoking."

Some days after this, Jed called at the house, and entering the parlor unannounced, found Miss Betsey, probably overcome by the heat of the weather, had fallen asleep on the sofa.

Now Jed, as the reader has surmised, had long felt an overwhelming partiality for the young lady, and yearned to know if it was returned, but though possessed of sufficient courage to mount "the imminent deadly breach"—or breeches, (cumbial ones, we mean) he could never muster spunk enough to inquire into the state of her heart. But he now bedighted himself of her confessed somnambule loquacity and felt that the time to ascertain his fate had come. Approaching the sofa he whispered—

"My dear Betsey, tell me, oh, tell me, the object of your fondest affections."

The fair sleeper gave a faint sigh and responded—"I love—let me think"—(here you might have heard the beating of Jed's heart through a brick wall)—"I love heaven, my country, and baked beans; but if I have a passion above all others, it is for roast onions."

The indignant lover didn't wake her, but sloped at once, a sadder but not a wiser man.

PRESERVATION OF THE MENTAL POWERS.

Fatuity from old age cannot be cured; but it may be prevented by employing the mind constantly in reading and conversation in the evening of life. Dr. Johnson ascribes the fatuity of Dean Swift to two causes: first, to a resolution made in his youth, that he would never wear spectacles; from the want of which he was unable to read in the decline of life; and second, to his aversion, which led him to abscond from visitors, or deny himself to company; by which means he deprived himself of the only two methods by which new ideas are acquired, or old ones renovated. His mind, from these causes, languished from the want of exercise, and gradually collapsed into idiotism, in which state he spent the close of his life, in an hospital founded by himself for persons afflicted with the same disorder, of which he finally died.

Country people, when they have no relief for books, when they lose the ability to work, to go abroad, from age or weakness, are very apt to become fatigued; especially as they are too often deserted in their old age by the younger branches of the families; in consequence of which, their minds become torpid from the want of society and conversation. Fatuity is more rare in cities than in country places, only because society and conversation can be had in them on more easy terms, and it is less common among women than men, only because their employments are of such a nature as to admit of their being carried on by their firesides, and in a sedentary posture.

The illustrious Dr. Franklin exhibited a striking instance of the influence of reading, writing, and conversation, in prolonging a sound and active state of all the faculties of his mind. In his eighty-fourth year he discovered no one mark in any of them of the weakness or decay usually observed in the minds of persons at that advanced period of life.—*Dr. Rush.*

Colonel Jones and Major Smith would occasionally get on a spree, and their frolics were often protracted until late in the night. On such occasions their pleasure was frequently damped by the thought of their wives at home, who like Tan O Shanter's good dame, sat nursing their wrath to keep it warm. One night, after having kept up their frolic until a late hour, they returned home, when Colonel Jones found his wife waiting for him with a countenance that foretold a storm. The colonel, whose face had never blanched before an enemy, quailed before the righteous indignation of his better half. In stead of going to bed he took a seat, and resting his elbows upon his knees, and with his face in his hands, seemed to be completely absorbed in grief, sighing heavily, and uttering such exclamations as "Poor Smith! Poor fellow!" His wife kept silent as long as possible; but at last overcome by curiosity and anxiety, inquired, in a sharp tone, "what's the matter with Smith?"—"Ah!" says the colonel, "his wife is in the sulks with him now." Mrs. Jones was mollified by the joke, and her wrath dissolved.

Elopement Extraordinary.

The Boone county Pioneer tells the following of a young couple of Lebanon, who, if they display as much perseverance in everything else as they did in getting married, will probably make their way through this world very creditably.

A rather amusing instance of a young gentleman in pursuit of a wife "under difficulties" occurred in our place the other day. It seems that the gentleman in question had been paying attention, with matrimonial views, to a young lady of probably some sixteen or seventeen summers, but his advances were looked upon with no favorable eye by the parents of the damsel. In fact they had rather strongly insinuated that he "couldn't have her." Of course the "young folks" came to the conclusion that they were an awfully persecuted couple, and were, in consequence, most gloriously miserable for a while. Finally rendered desperate, they resolved to elope, and Monday night was fixed for the consummation of the drama. Some one said, however, that "the course of true love never did run smooth," and so it proved in this instance. The "old folks" got wind of the matter, and as the gloom of night wrapped in it the face of nature, the tremblingly anxious swain drove up to the house in a buggy, determined to "have her anyhow," he found his fair one safe and fast under lock and key.

This ended the matter for that night, but early next morning communication was opened up between the parties through some channel, and it was arranged that the damsel should make some excuse for going down the street, when the lover was to capture her and carry her off. Again, the fates seemed unpropitious. This scheme was frustrated by the vigilance of the fair one's mother, who followed her down and took her back home. Still bent upon his obstacles, our hero drove up to the house, and the damsel watching her chance, made a dart for the buggy, and just succeeded in getting one foot into the buggy, when the old lady, was not to be out generated, seized her by the clothes and succeeded in recapturing her. The case looked desperate—almost hopeless. This was the third attempt and still a failure. But, "love laughs at bolts and bars," and finally, a fourth plan was hit upon to storm the fortress.

A lady living in the neighborhood kindly volunteered her assistance, and going to the house soon succeeded in engaging the old lady in an animated account of her troubles and tribulations, and finally, while she was in the midst of her recital, very coolly locked her in the house. The rest of the story is soon told. The buggy drove up like lightning—the damsel sprang into it—it drove rapidly off, and from the fact that it took the direction of Squire Dickerson's, who is equal to the blacksmith of Gretia Green in "splicing couples," we presume the happy pair are long ere this made one and indivisible.

THE LAW OF PHYSICS.—The laws of physics have an influence so extensive, that it need not excite surprise that all classes of society are at last discovering the deep interest they have to understand them. The lawyer finds that, in many of the causes tried in his courts, an appeal must be made to physics, as in cases of disputed inventions, accidents in navigation, or among carriages, steam engines, and machines generally. The statesman is constantly listening to discussions respecting bridges, roads, canals, docks and the mechanical industry of the nation. The clergyman finds, ranged among the beauties of nature, the most intelligible and striking proof of God's wisdom and goodness. The sailor, in his ship, has to deal with one of the most admirable machines in existence. Soldiers in marching where rivers have to be crossed, woods to be cut down, roads to be made, towns to be besieged, &c. The land owner in making improvements on his estates, building, draining, irrigating, road making, &c. The farmer, equally in these particulars, and in all the machinery of agriculture. The manufacturer, of course the merchant, who solicits and distributes over the world the products of manufacturing industry. Then, also, the man of letters, that he may not, in drawing illustrations from the material world, repeat the scientific heresies and absurdities which have heretofore prevailed. In our cities now, and even in an ordinary dwelling house, men are surrounded by prodigies of mechanical art, and cannot submit to use these as regardless of how they are produced, as a horse is regardless of how the corn falls into his manger.—*Arnott on Physics.*

The test of enjoyment is the remembrance it leaves behind it.

Why are Presidents like vagabonds? Because they are associated with vices.

Ingratitude is so deadly a poison that it destroys the very bosom in which it is harbored.

He who puts a bad construction upon a good act, reveals his own wickedness at heart.

A man passes for a sage if he seeks for wisdom; if he thinks he has found it, he is a fool.

Oftentimes the "fastest" young women are the most easily overtaken by the galloping consumption.

In a committee of ladies, we have no doubt but whatever is voted on is always carried by a handsome majority.